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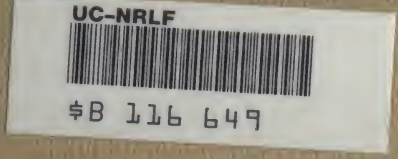

UNIVERSITY ANTHOLOGY

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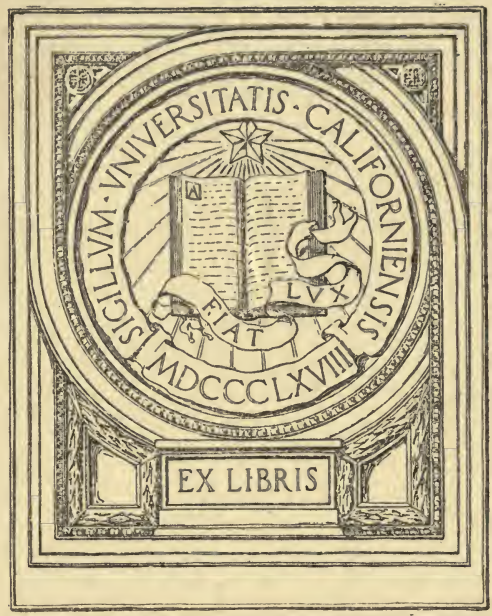
GIFT OF
J.F.Paxton



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Library of the University
of California,
with Compliments of
the editor, once a
graduate student and, for
a short time, an instruc
tor in that great school.

J. F. Paxton,
July 28, 1922.

CORRECTIONS

Page 3, (dedication), read period after last word.

Page 7, repeat next to last line after fourth.

Page 15, fourth line, read "to", "pedestrians", "aboard".

Page 17, read "C" as first letter.

Page 26, first line, read "whipt".

Page 53, line 8, read "the"; line 20, "droopt".

Page 58, line 18, read "waiting"; after 19 read "Hang o'er the plains of Mexico". In the next four, read so as to make consecutive lines rhyme.

Page 61, seventh line, read "kist".

Page 71, title, read "Bernhardt".

Page 94, second line, second poem, read "prisoned".

Page 97, space after eighth line; exchange places of ninth and tenth.

Page 100, fourth line, read "freshening".

Page 102, next to last and last lines, read "it", instead of first "in".

Page 105, eighth line, read "mayst".

110, twelfth line, read "murmur".

Page 111, fifth line, read "apologizes".

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA
BULLETIN

UNIVERSITY ANTHOLOGY

JOSEPH FRANCIS PAXTON, Editor

1921

DEDICATION.

This little book is dedicated to my wife, Fantine Samuels Paxton, the first woman to receive the A. B. from Oklahoma University, to all those whose poems have made it possible, and to Stratton Duluth Brooks, who suggested the collection. May they all, as Rip would say, live long and prosper.

JOSEPH FRANCIS PAXTON.

Norman, Oklahoma,

482594

EXPLANATION AND GENERAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Many moons ago President Brooks suggested to me that I collect and edit such verse by students and teachers of the University of Oklahoma, past and present, as seemd in some degree worth while. A considerable amount of my own verse would not be inappropriate, he added. (Thus, gracefully, I transfer the responsibility. "Prexy" doesn't mind burdens.) The result is before you, gentle reader. I have no apology to make, but I know you will use gentleness of judgment where that seems necessary.

Wherever specific acknowledgment is not made, thanks are often due to various annuals put out at different times — "The Mistletoe" and "The Sooner;" to "The University Oklahoman," "The University of Oklahoma Magazine," etc. My own verse touching on the great war was, much of it, printed first in either The Daily Oklahoman or in The Times of Oklahoma City, to whose editors I make due acknowledgment. Some of my pieces appear here for the first time. A few of the contributors did not reveal where, if anywhere, their verse had first been printed. Thanks are due a Los Angeles publication, name not now accessible, for Elizabeth Taylor's contributions.

Faculty members contributing to this collection are:

Theodore Hampton Brewer, Head of the Department and Professor of English.

Louisa Brooke, sometime Adviser of Women and on the English teaching staff.

Walter Stanley Campbell, Assistant Professor of English.

John Begg Cheadle, Professor of Law.

Arthur R. Curry, Reference Librarian.

Edward Everett Dale, Assistant Professor of History.

Charles A. S. Dwight, Assistant Professor of Education (Resignd.)

Roy Hadsell, Professor of the English Language.

Roy Temple House, Professor of Modern Languages.

Josh Lee, Assistant Professor of Public Speaking.

John McClure, sometime an instructor in English and a member of the Library staff.

Joseph Francis Paxton, Professor of Greek and Classical Archeology.

William N. Rice, a member of the faculty in the school's earliest days.

Sandford Salyer, Assistant Professor of English.

Angelo C. Scott, Director of Extension Lectures. (Rank of Professor).

Joseph Whitefield Scroggs, Director, Extension Division.

Dale, Hadsell, Lee and McClure are alumni of this University. McClure is fairly well known as a poet, and has several books and collections of verse to his credit. Much of his poetry appeard originally in The Smart Set, and the formidable H. L. Mencken thinks highly of it — as this writer and many others do. Roy Temple House and Louisa Brooke, (Mrs. Catesby Jones), have contributed poetry to a number of well known magazines and newspapers, much of it of good quality.

Student contributors are the following:

Rose M. Belt, (Mrs. Crabbe), now deceast, B. A. '08.

Agnes Berrigan, B. A., M. A., '13.

Rolfe Engleman, a junior in 1920.

James J. Hill, B. A., M. A., '15.

Mark Hodgson, a junior when he quit school.

"Ella M. Jones" seems to be a misprint or a pseudonym.

Maurice W. Kelley is a sophomore at present.

Florence Monroe, (Mrs. Crow), was a junior when she dropt out, as was—

Walter Morrow, when he left the University.

Ruth Margaret Muskrat was a freshman in 1920-21.

R. Lynn Riggs, is now a sophomore.

Zoe A. Stratton, (Mrs. Tilghman), was a sophomore of very high standing when she left us.

Elizabeth Taylor, was a summer student in 1918.

Benjamin H. West, B. A., '13.

Waldo Wettingell, a sophomore in 1920-21.

The College of Arts and Sciences is meant where the word "alumni" is used, or the class of a student is given.

I regret that circumstances made it impossible, apparently, to secure copies of any of Muna Lee's work. Much of it is good, and has been printed in well-known magazines.

I did not hear from one or two persons to whom I wrote more than once.

Inevitably, I have overlookt much good material, or have never seen it. "Pardon, gentles all." This collection should be revised and re-publisht from time to time.

JOSEPH FRANCIS PAXTON.

September 21, 1921.

THE PRAYER TO THE SPIDER.

It is in early May.
The odor of the May-apple blossom fills the woods.
The dogwood breathes a breath of fragrance.
The sky is clear of drifting clouds.
I wait for his aid in silence.

The women have planted the corn.
The time of the hunt is almost past.
Soon the young men will go forth on the red path,
The chiefs sit long at the council.
I sent forth a prayer to the Great Spider last night.
I wait for his aid in silence.

—James J. Hill.

CHEYENNE WAR SONG.

Now the time of the snow is over,
The white frost comes not in the night.
The soft winds blow from the south-land,
And the green grass springs on the hills.
Bring your arrows, your sharp war-arrows,
That hang in the tee-pee.

Let the young men go forth to hunt,
That there may be meat in the wigwams.
The grass is green and the ponies eat and grow strong,
They grow strong and swift for the warriors.

Bring your bows and your sharp war-arrows;
Paint your faces with war paint.
The medicine men are singing,
They are making a mighty medicine;
They will make strong the warriors.

The grass grows tall; it covers the hoofs of the ponies,
It is the sign for the war path.
The warriors ride far away to the place of the white man;
They will burn his wigwams;
They will bring scalps and ponies and captives.

Leave in the village the old men, the women and children.
Mount on your swift war ponies,
Bring many sharp war arrows.
The medicine men are singing;
The sign of the tall grass tells them
It is the time of the war path.

—Zoe A. Tilghman.
(Miss Zoe A. Stratton)

SENTENCED.

(A Dirge.)

They have come, they have come,
Out of the unknown they have come;
Out of the great sea have they come;
Dazzling and conquering the white man has come
To make this land his home.

We must die, we must die,
The white man has sentenced that we must die,
Without great forests must we die,
Broken and conquerd the red man must die,
He cannot claim his own.

They have gone, they have gone,
Our sky-blue waters, they have gone,
Our wild free prairies they have gone,
To be the white man's own.

They have won, they have won,
Thru fraud and thru warfare they have won,
Our council and burial grounds have they won,
Our birthright for pottage the white man has won,
And the red man must perish alone.

—Ruth Margaret Muskrat.

HIGH NOON ON THE BORDER.

(April 22, 1889)

Across the border for homes,
The wild throng flies at noon,
Like a stream that frets and foams
For ocean's bourne and boon.

Beyond the prairie's low rim
There lies a home for all;
Thru dust clouds dry and dim
It sends its searching call.

With thudding of hoofs and feet,
With rattle of wheel and whip,
They rush—the slow and the fleet,
With curses, and laugh, and quip.

A hazard of fortunes new,
A fling of dice with Fate—
The past recedes from view
In the future's open gate.

—Francis Paxton.

WESTWARD.

A ragged rout of travelers, toil-worn
Athwart my window takes its westward way.
The creaking, sheeted wains the marks display
Of ruddy soil traverst from morn to morn.
The trailing hounds, the swinging pail forlorn,
The heavy-headed steeds, the disarray,
The pots and pans, my Muse dismay;
She views the struggling train with scorn.

Unfaltering moves the laboring caravan
From hill to hill toward the setting sun,
From dawn till noon, from noon toward hastening night;
And window-bound my spirit sees again
The white-bowed sunlit vans, a distant dun
Processional majestic in the waning light.

—Roy Hadsell.

THE OLD DUG-OUTS.

Broken posts in little hollows,
Swept by Western winds at will,
Mark the sites of settlers' dug-outs
Once snug beneath the hill.
Winter snows come o'er them drifting,
Round about them cattle roam;
Fearless haunt the quail and plover
What erewhile was "Home Sweet Home."
Richly speak they to the fancy—
Gripping tales their silence tells—
Outposts these of days long faded,
Landmarks where a new race dwells.

—Ella M. Jones.
(Slightly changed by the Editor.)

WIND SONG.

Oklahoma Anniversary, April 22.

Wind of the Prairie, sweeping adown from the hills,
Bending the upstarting grass of the early spring,
Tell me what you are singing.
Summers and winters uncounted, unknown,
Over the wilderness roaming,
So you have learnd if you will but tell,
All that in the long years befell;
Sing to me, then, of the Coming.

"Tread of the moccasind Indian, trailing the deer in the timber,
Stalking the bison and antelope grazing the open plains;
Flying with stolen ponies snatcht from the Utes of the West;
Plumes of the war-parties riding—past, like the wind in the grass.

"Tramp of the cavalry horses, and gleam of the council fires burning;
Sound of the axe and of hammer where forts arise at their bidding;
Dim trails over the prairie where long-horns journey to northward—
I lift the mists from the river, and these are gone as the vapors.

"Creaking of laden wagons in lonely and desolate places,
Ring of the wires drawn taut as the staples are driven home;
Grazing herds in the pastures; long lines winding down to the river;
They drink, and I ripple the water, and these are gone like the ripples.

"Alone in the smile of the springtide the land lies waiting before me.
The jackrabbit leisurely lopes on quest of his own, and the coyote
Howls in the night at the camp fires that gleam in the darkness before him;
Men and women and children about them gatherd and waiting,
Faces and hearts alight with a wonderful hope and desiring;
Soldiers riding before them, as the sun climbs high in the heavens;
I scatter the smoke of their guns, and the throngs are melted as quickly.

"Over the land they are pourd, in a flood resistless, unyielding;
Toiling with stubborn patience, a winter light in their faces;

Steadfast thru days that are dark, till the first great struggle
is over;
Winter winds have they borne, but now the joy of the springtime
Wells in their hearts once more, as they who remain are fore-
gatherd:
Past on the breath of the wind, pioneers who blazed the way for
them.
But these are they who have conquerd and kept, the People of
Eighty-Nine."

—Zoe A. Tilghman.
(From "The Romance of Oklahoma.")

THE URGE.

Hurry, hurry, breakers, beat against the land;
Thus far and no farther is the law's demand.
Since every drop runs back, need you hurry so?
Yet a sea-wall crumbles weakend from below.

Hurry, hurry, Spirit, on your idle rounds;
Thus far and no farther likewise are your bounds.
Since these are your limits, what does haste avail?
Yet the world is chaos, Spirit, if you fail.

—Elizabeth Taylor.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

Sometimes I get to thinkin' about the country school,
And the little old brown school house whar I busted every rule,
And the gals and men who went there, and the games we used to play—
About all I can remember is some of those games today.

The games wuz far more interestin' than the lessons in the books,
And I played 'em in the school time, spite of teacher's frownin' looks,
Studyin' Joggerfry and Grammar I was supposed to be,
But "running thru" in Blackman—that's what captivated me.

"What'll y' do when the Blackman comes?" the old familiar cry.
"Run through like a Whiteman, run'er thru er die."
I did some brilliant playin' when my sweetheart'ud come thru,
And I'd pat her, oh so gently, whispering "One, two, three fer you!"

Sometimes we'd get quarlin' as t' who should start the game
An' lose most of our recess time t' agitate the same,
Until some little feller who'd never quarrel a bit
Would step out on the playground with, "C'mon boys I'll be it."

I suppose I've done some dodgin' since I left that school
To fight shy of the Blackman an' keep the Golden Rule,
An I've come to a conclusion that it took some worthy grit
To come out squar before the world and say
"Well, I'll be it."

—Roy Hadsell.

CHRISTMAS

(With acknowledgments to W. M.)

Oh Christmas is the time of year when all our grouches disappear we dearly love our fellowman and do whatever good we can we give our cash to feed the poor to keep the wolf outside the door we stop our auto or our ford o take pedestrains abroad we give rich presents to our friends for past neglect to make amends oh yes when Christmas time comes near we smile on all from ear to ear we beam upon the grocer's boy and wish him lots of Christmas joy the milkman too though very dear we send upon his way with cheer we greet alike our friend and foe and speak to those we do not know our wives present us silver spoons so useful for our afternoons or else perchance a book of pomes to fumigate our lofty domes oh brethren dear and sisters too how ripping it would be for you and me and every other guy if only through the year we'd try to be as good and brave and gay as we can be on Christmas day.

—Angelo C. Scott.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS.

The poets write of a wonderful light
Never on land or sea;
How it glows and gleams in the rainbow dreams
Even of you and me.
I never have seen that wonderful sheen,
Never on land or sea,
But the light that lies in a girl's brown eyes
Is the light of the world for me.
I've heard men say at the close of day
When the long dark shadows fall
That over their souls a darkness rolls
As dark as a funeral pall.
In the shades of the night or the sunshine bright
Our hearts should be bright and free,
But a shadow that lies in a girl's brown eyes
O'ershadows the world for me.

—Edward Everett Dale.

CHATEAU THIERRY AND AFTER.

(A doughboy speaks)

Yes, many a fight has brought delight
To doughboys brave and merry,
But nary fight was quite so right
As that of Chateau Thierry.
Ah yes, my dearie,
Chateau, Chateau, Chateau, Chateau Thierry.

Them swift marines sure earn their beans,
And every plunk on payday;
For they've got grit, git-up-and-git,
And scraps to them are playday.
Ah yes, my lady,
The fights, the scraps, the rows,—just playday.

Our sons-of-guns they beat the Huns
Up hill, then down the valley,
And climbd the crests and singed their nests,
And busted every rally.
Ah yes, *ma cherie,*
Chateau, Chateau, Chateau, Chateau Thierry.

That hot-foot day, so bright and gay—
Cold steel, then rush and volley;
That Yankee bunch they had the punch,
And landed it, by golly,
Ah yes, *tres joli,*
They landed, landed, landed it, by golly!

—Francis Paxton.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Tho he only sang a love song
To his patient brooding mate,
In the fallen, tangld tree-tops,
Yet to me who wandered late
Still he seemd to speak of vengeance
For the birds I'd treated ill—
Vengeance mingld with compassion—
He was judge and I was "Will".
And the thought that I was guilty
Would my heart with terror fill
As I pictured ghosts and goblins
Marshaling to "Whip Poor Will,
"Whip poor Will, whip poor Will."

—William N. Rice.

SURRENDER.

Friends, I must trust you ere the day departs.
I have grown weary of these odds and ends,
These broken scraps of love, these fits and starts,
That poison all the pleasure Heaven sends.
I must live nearer to your hearts, dear friends;
And I will bare my bosom to your darts
And love you twice and thrice, to make amends—
Oh, friends, I must live nearer to your hearts.

I have been like a savage, like a child,
And so have you, and so have many men.
We spoke of friends, and now and then we dreamd
Of friendship, feasted bidden guests, and smiled;
But 'n our hearts we sulkt, and curst, and schemed,
Hated—and playd at loving now and then.

—Roy Temple House.
(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

NOCTURNE.

Star of the summer night,
The sheen of thy silver light
Shines not more pure from above
Than shines and beams my love.

Moon of the summer sky,
Alone, serene on high,
Thy faint beam soon expires
Like sound of smitten lyres.

But my love—my love shines on,
Its light is never gone,
But beams fu'l strong alway,
In night or fairest day.

—Francis Paxton.

EVENING AND THE OLD MISSION.

Like silhouettes against the western sky,
I see them stand, a long low line of trees;
Now barren of their summer dress they please
With grace of form where color charmd the eye;
About the eaves the twittering sparrows fly;
Across the busy town borne on the breeze
The evening bell calls men from work to ease
With head bent low to send their thoughts on high.

And tho it call me not to prayer,
From out the past it is my vesper bell,
As mine the sweet spent incense from below;
And mine the dim procession still to share
Of dark-robed nuns and hooded monks who tell
Their beads, and live Romance of long ago.

—Elizabeth Taylor.

SUMMER IS PASSING.

Summer is passing,
Bee-laden, grain-bearing summer;
Passing down a green and golden coast
Into autumnal seas of purple fire.
Dim shore lines of winter,
Studded with icy mile-stones of Death,
Crouch beyond the thinly rolling mists,
While rose-crownd summer, fragrant queen,
Sweeps heedless, fated, with her train
Of attendant heat dancing in the fields,
Breezes playing, green leaves fluttering,
Birds and locusts singing.

Summer is passing;
Mellow August in sweet stealth is slipping.
From a tower of green a red leaf signals;
Little mournful shifting winds arise,
Symbols of sly and wintry Death.
Men are passing,
Men in the joyous summer of life.
Strong, alert, with their gold and their flowers,
In processional pomp, proudly they step,
Over the hill and down by the bitter sea.
Bone and nerve are chilld, and frost
Bites at he heart, and giant strength wanes.

—Theodore Hampton Brewer.

BALLAD OF THE UNIVERSITEE

It once befel, ye know it well,
A Sooner went to see
Red soil and sand, a famous land,
In a far counteree.

How can I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come up to thee?
How can I come up? How can I come up?
O Universitee!

He pitcht his camp in weather damp.
He stayd in weather dry.
He was a jewel, he built a schoo-el,
Under a wide-spread sky.

How can I come up? How can I come up?
O Universitee!
How can I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come up to thee?

And now his sons, the story runs,
And now his daughters fair,
Injure their looks, with study-books,
When he doth send them there.

How can I come up? How can I come up?
From the red counteree,
How can I come up? How will I come up?
O Universitee!

—Roy Hadsell.

SOONERLAND.

There's a little patch of sunshine
In the old southwest;
There are youthful memories clinging
'Round the place I love the best.
Where I grew in strength and vision
Bound my heart in friendships true
As the golden days wingd gaily
In the life of old O. U.

Cho. For it's once Oklahoma,
And it's twice Oklahoma,
And it's always Oklahoma
If you're a Sooner true.

I've braved the wrath of Prexy
And the Council of the Deans,
For there's nothing very sacred
To a Sooner in his teens.
I've been wooed by college widows,
I've made love to maidens fair— —
Life holds no fonder memories
Than the ones that center there.

Cho—

Oklahoma unforgotten—
Ever mistress of my heart,
I am yet thy willing bondsman,
Still would do a Sooner's part.
When the gold has turnd to silver
And the years have passt me by,
I'll turn back to old O. U. then,
True to her I'll live and die.

Cho— For it's once Oklahoma, etc.

—John Begg Cheadle.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

No more the fetish of the Druid's dream,
No longer shuddering with the victim's scream—
The sportive magic of our childish play,
The peaceful plaything of a holiday.

Sacred to immemorial tyranny
Dim with the age-old worship of our race,
This waxen-fruited bough of cruelty
Within our breast of mercy finds a place.

—Louisa Brooke.
(Mrs Catesby Jones.)

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

(*"Ihr Gesicht glich einem Codex Palimpsestus."—Henrich Heine.*)

Her face was like a palimpsest
Where pious monkish fingers trace
The legends of the somber blest
Whose chiefest grace is Heaven's Grace:

Those fresh black characters above,
And underneath them, half-descried,
Sweet pagan lines, a glow with love
And golden, golden hopes that died!

—Roy Temple House.
(From Poet-Lore.)

TAPS.

Darkness covered heaven's dome,
Time for taps had slowly come.
My feet were sore, my strength was spent,
I stumbld to bed within my tent.
The bugler's notes were sweet and clear,
I thought of you, my mother dear,
I thought of God and His great Son—
I fell asleep, for taps had blown.

—Josh Lee.

HOME.

Your love is all so quiet
And solemn as the sea:
Like an old song at evening
It comforts me.

For all the merry mad loves
That wither and devour
Are paltry by the fire light
In the quiet hour.

Yea, all the merry mad loves
That I might have had
When they rise up like cymbals
Making me sad,

Your love is all so quiet
It comforts me then,
Like an old song at evening
Or books of dead men.

—John McClure.

(From "Airs and Ballads," Knopf. N. Y.)

A FISHING SMACK!

They were fishing alone by the brook,
When she whisperd "Oh Reginald, look!
In this tree we're below
Is some nice mistletoe:"
—And the fish ran away with his hook.

—Mark Hodgson.

A CYCLONE THAT DIDN'T.

One time it raind, it did
And home from church we slipt and slid;
And all us folks and the folks about,
Just hustld into our old dug-out.

'Way in underneath the ground,
Where there's shadders all around,
Made by lanterns 'at some one whirls,
—And spider things 'at scare the girls,

And when we'd been in there a spell
And told the tales there was to tell,
Folks scroocht around against the wall,
—Why-then 't didn't 'Cyclone' at all!

—Roy Hadsell.

PEACH BLOSSOMS.

They flaunt from the wind-whispt hillsides
Where the earth is barren and brown;
A mist of their wonderful pinkness
Transfigures the sordid town.

They flutter from ragged door-yards,
From orchards choked with grass;
"It was here," each blossom is saying,
"The spirit of spring did pass."

The glory of youth is in them,
Its promise, its first wild joy—
Joy yet unflusht with passion,
Hopes with no dark alloy.

Far dearer these pale, cool blossoms,
Than the roses that June will bring;
The roses tell life's fulfilment,
But these are the promise of spring.

—Rose M. Belt
(Mrs. J. B. Crabbe.)

THE OLD GUITAR.

What do you dream of, old guitar,
Unused there in your place?
Is it of days and lands afar,
Of visiond, vanisht grace?

Do fingers once that toucht your strings
Come oft in dreams until
You fancy yet they're living things
And yet have power to thrill?

There hang about you when you're moved
The heavy, faint perfumes
Of some dead Spanish girl who loved
The tropic Spanish blooms.

Do you dream the song she thought most dear,
When summer nights were long?
Is it the wind on your strings I hear
Or the ghost of that dead song?

—Florence Monroe.
(Mrs. Crow.)

I AM A-WEARY.

I am a-weary of high loves,
A-weary of high desire,
Now I would nod in the evening
Beside a quiet fire.

When once a man has taken in
High love into his breast
His heart becomes a crazy wind
That halteth not for rest.

His soul becomes a thunderstorm,
His heart a hurricane,
And he is but a wind-blown leaf
That will not rest again.

Ay, there is thunder on the land
And lightning on the sea,
And thunderwrack within their hearts
For them that lovers be.

So I am a-weary of high loves,
A-weary of high desire;
Now I would nod in the evening
Beside a quiet fire.

—John McClure.

("Airs and Ballads," Knopf, N. Y.)

THE SPRING BURNING.

All day in the grassy bottoms
The dim blue smoke hung low,
And here and there where it thickly rose
Shone the fire's dull orange glow,
The darkness comes and the heavens
Are flusht with the rosy light,
As the flames keep up and onward,
Through the stillness of the night.

For now on the rocky hillsides
The slow fires climb and crawl
Till they come to the level uplands
Where the grass grows thick and tall.
And there on the heights they hold revel
Till famine their ardor chills,
For the last of the grass is burning,
As they dance all night on the hills.

Of old the fierce Fire-spirit
Claimd all these lands for his home,
And gatherd his grassy harvest
Wherever he listed to roam.
But now he may wander only
Where the new conqueror wills,
And this is his death-dance tonight up there
On the height of the distant hills.

—Zoe A. Tilghman.

THE YOUTHFUL TYRANT.

A youthful Tyrant rules the house
    In true barbaric style;
He shouts, he weeps, he storms amain,
    He's changing all the while.

His laugh of truly frantic glee
    Pours like an April rain,
And then to anger's sudden heat
    Is quickly changed again.

Oh happy Tyrant he whose thralls
    Obey without repine—
The more he rules, the more I love
    That little boy of mine.

—John Begg Cheadle.

THE DINNER PAIL.

(The foreman speaks.)

When the air is crimpy cool
And the clouds a-hangin' low,
Then I take my dinner pail
And straight to work I go.
  Dinner, dinner, dinner pail,
  How I hope you never fail.
When the air is heap much hot,
And the clouds are scatterd far,
Then I take my dinner pail
And mount my Lizzie car;
  Dinner, dinner, dinner pail,
  You will keep me outa jail.
Rollin' down the street I go
To the jobs that's never done;
Foreman of the gang am I—
To boss is lots o' fun.
  Dinner, dinner, dinner pail,
  Best thing bought with good old kale.
Dinner pail, and strong old pipe,
Burnt by many a baccy wad,
You're two friends of long ago—
Best this side the sod.
  Dinner, dinner, dinner pail,
  You will keep me outa jail!

—Francis Paxton

ANTIPHONY.

I.

The Dead of the Titanic to the Dead of the Lusitania.

Who visits our dim and desolate plain when the waves are calm above,
When the winds fare soft and the winter is gone and the sun smiles peace and love?
It was storm and ice and the wrath of the sea that widend our ranks before—
Who is this company, clad like ours, that halts between shore and shore?
No matter. The past is always past and the future is nothing, here.
Hail, band so strangely like our band! —'Tis little we have of cheer;
But the ocean's bed is a delicate bed, and sleep is a merciful state,
Whether you died by the hand of God or the hideous hand of hate.

II

The Dead of the Lusitania to the Dead of the Titanic.

We come from a world that is not your world of a few short months ago,
For force and wrath are more than pain, and spite is blacker than woe.
Your names have livd in the hearts of men, writ lovingly large and plain,
But ours are lost in a million more of the deftly, hellishly slain.
We come from a world that is not your world; we have that in our frozen eyes
That we yearn for the waves to wash upon till the day when the dead shall rise.
There is warmth in the chill of the ghastly sea and the touch of a dead host's hand,
And we share your rest with a deep relief you never can understand;
For the ocean's bed is a delicate bed, and death is a blissful state,
Whether we die by the hand of God or the hideous hand of hate.

—Roy Temple House.

THE PASSING OF LOVE.

To know the warmth of love,
And then the chill
That comes with love's decline,
So wan and still,—

To know the depth of love,
And then to stand
Where idle shallows drift
Upon the sand,—

To know the faith of love,
And then to doubt;
To find at last the truth,
Love's lights are out,—

To know the crown of love,
When love is won,
And then the thorns that pierce,
When love is done,—

This is the bitter cup
That love must drain,
For love forever walks
Along with pain.

—Angelo C. Scott.

TO JOHN HARLEY.

Lives of football men remind us
We can write our names in blood;
And departing leave behind us
Half our faces in the mud.

("The Sooner," 1911.)

"AWEARY OF THE SUN."

Beneath the stars I stand at eventide;
I send my thought far out to their confines.
The universe so great, the skies so wide
My world-crampt spirit sadly now repines.

Yon distant star which twinkles in the West
May be a world where every man is true
Where days are, like this night, with quiet blest
And morning brings God's pleasant task to do.

—Roy Hadsell.

WE SAID IT TOO!

"The time has come," the Stewdent cried,
"To speak of many things,
Of campus dates and football,
And why dad's check has wings."

"And don't the campus look just swell?"
"What did you do this summer?"
"It looks like Bennie's got the stuff,
The squad's an up-and-comer."

"We ought to get enrolld, I think,
Sometime, perhaps, next June."
"Have you seen Jimmie yet? He said,
That he'd get in at noon."

"I think I knew that girl somewhere—
She lookt at me. But say
I'd like to see a Podunk Times,
They knew I went away."

"Let's move this seat back in the shade."
"Guess I'll have to blow."
"Me have a coke? Well, I should say."
"Some cherry in it, bo."

—Rolfe Engleman.

PREPAREDNESS—1917.

We arm for Peace.
We thought the world had grown so old and good
That we could go our way untroubld, since
We bear no lust of conquest, seek no spoils,
Nor covet any kingdoms, ports, or bounds.
But now, reluctant, we awake and brush
The dream aside, and arm—but arm for Peace
We wage no self-sought war; we own no foe
Except the enemy of peace; we ask
No friend except the enemy of war;
We lift no hand but to defend our own,
To make our country's name a name to love,
To honor,—and to fear where fear is best—
Thruout the earth; to put behind our word
The force to make it good. And that is all.

And thus the shatterd dream
May come again, and men may see the dawn
Of days when armed righteousness shall stand
The arbiter and guardian of Peace.

—Angelo C. Scott.

THE SONG OF THE COLLEGE DAYS.

Sing me the song of the college days
The days of the long ago;
Picture to me the old main hall
And the faces I used to know.

Mine be the light of the foot-ball stars,
Their battles and victories be mine,
Where youth and joy and love and come back
Like the taste of a rare old wine.

Oh, sing me the song of the college days
And the shrill of the foot-ball cry,
And may I wake in those dear o'd days,
'Stead o' heaven when I die!

—C. W. Fowler.
("The Mistletoe," 1907)

ST. ANTHONY'S AT LONG BEACH.

The church was very still;
Rosaries tapt the backs of the polisht pews—
Mary and the Apostles lookt down from the walls,
The people were upon their knees;
I alone croucht in the corner of a seat upright.

The church was very still;
Music soft as air floated down upon us—
In one visual moment I saw us all, the kneeling people and myself:
"Here we are," I said.

The church was very still;
Sudden sorrow filld my heart for the kneeling people—
And when sorrow filld my heart, I saw the heart of God.
Seeing the heart of God to be very pitiful,
I cried, "Have mercy, Lord, on me!"

—Elizabeth Taylor.

EPITAPH.

Morning of life and you—
    The tinted dawn for me;
Sunset and twilight's hue—
    Star-set eternity.

Still hands, unseeing eyes
    Below the dew-wet sod;
Yet memory survives—
    Thy hand, Almighty God.

—Walter Morrow.

SUMMER DAY.

I walkt upon a little hill
Where the wind came running by
With quick march-music in my feet
And a dream before my eye

I walkt among the slender flowers
That nodded from the grass,
I heard them laugh like city folks
To see a poet pass.

And I laught to the laughing flowers
And the white clouds in the sky,
And I dreamd a dream and forgot it,
While the wind went running by.

—John McClure.
("Airs and Ballads," Knopf, N. Y.)

DOWN IN OUR WELL.

Away down in our well it is
As black as my Pa's hat, or his
New coat he wears to church,
And if the bucket rope should lurch
I might fall in as my Ma said,
And get myself all wet, or dead.

I look down in it every day
Most, when my Ma's away,
And wonder if that's where Fairies live
And things that folks make stories wiv.
I guess there's elephants down there too,
And Squidgicum Squees and Wunks, don't you?

I hollerd once down in our well
Just to see if I could tell
What was in there. I tell you that
Something answered quicker'n scat;
I said Hello, and it said "Hell-ll:"
They's an Echo-thing down in our well.

—Roy Hadsell.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

"Go on," my warm blood urges; "'tis but sin."
"'Tis death," my cowld confessor warns; "come back."
Ah, soul of mine at hazard; who's to win
This breathless game between the Red and Black?

—Roy Temple House.
(From the Smart Set.)

OKLAHOMA.

The South has its blossoms
Of fair jessamine,
The West has its mountains
The Northland its pine.
The East boasts its forests
Its hills and its streams,
But for me, Oklahoma,
The land of my dreams.

The pride of the South
Here mingles and thrills
With blood of the East
From New England hills,
The thrift of the North
With the strength of the West
Unite to make fair Oklahoma—
Oklahoma the best.

There's a song in the wind
A smile in the air
A thrill in the sunshine
Like old wine so rare--
Her sky line an in—
Finite tender caress—
The glow of the sunset
That crimsons her west!

Fair Oklahoma,
Land of the strong,
Cradle of Legend
And story and song,
Brave heart of the nation
Soul of the West,
Thy children acclaim thee
America's best.

—John Begg Cheadle.

WHEN IT'S DARK.

When the old clock's strikin' 'leven
An' the lights are all put out,
An' the stars up in the heaven
Chase the shadders all about,
Then's when I start feelin' shaky,
An' wishin' I'd been good,
That I hadn't teased the baby
An' had carrid in the wood.

When the house is dark an' still-like
An' the clock ticks right out loud,
An' it's sorter cold an' chill-like
An' the moon's hid by a cloud;
Then's when a feller's wishin'
That he hadn't been so bad;
Hadn't run away a-fishin'
Ner had sasst-back at his dad.

When the old screech owl's a cryin'
By the winder on the south,
Then there comes a lump a-pryin'
Right up in a feller's mouth;
An' the dark gits full o' goblins
Where the door-post allus stood,
Then a feller 'gins resolvin'
That from this on, he'll be *good*.

—Ruth Margaret Muskrat.

COME AND BIDE A WEE.

Come and bide with me, my love,
Come and bide a wee;
An hour away from you, my love
Is half eternity.
The stars grow dim when you're away,
The sunlight pales, and skies turn grey,
Yet all would be so bright and gay
If you would bide a wee.

Come and bide with me, my love,
Come and bide a wee;
The days are long and dreary, love,
When you're away from me.
My heart with love is all aflame,
Each beat's a whisper of your name,
And every throb rings loud acclaim
For you to bide a wee

Come and bide with me, my dear,
Come and bide a wee;
The place is waiting for you here,
Come and bide with me.
It's lonely here without you,
Yet I could never doubt you
Nor would my love e'er flout you
If you'd ne'er bide a wee.

—Ruth Margaret Muskrat.

WALLEAH.

Light and airy are the footsteps
Of Walleah—of my squaw;
And her laugh is like the gurgling
Of the crystal Spavinaw.
And her smile is like the blessing
Of the Master Manitou,
But her frown is like the vengeance
To the sinful he doth shew.

Black as night, in heavy tresses
Falls her long and braided hair;
Swimming pools of midnight blackness
Are her eyes that dance and dare;
And her cheeks with red are glowing
Like the wild bronze turkey's wing;
And her voice is gay and lilting
Like the songs the bluebirds sing.

Gentle moon, shine on caressing
While Walleah sweetly sleeps,
Lullabies the leaves are singing
And the shy doe softly creeps
Through the trees—a fleeting shadow—
Lest she break stern silence's law
And disturb the pleasant dreaming
Of Walleah,—of my squaw.

—Ruth Margaret Muskrat.

APRIL'S FOOL.

I loved a lady once—
Tweedle-dum, tweedle-di;
Ah, what a merry dunce
In the mad world was I.

Love was a fairyland.
Life was to me
All playing of fiddles,
And minstrelsy.

All the mad world was fair,
All the trees green,
I was a jester there
To a gay queen.

I was a knight-at-arms,
I was a king,
I would brave death for her,
Caper or sing.

Tweedle-dum, tweedle-di;
What a mad fool was I!

—John McClure.
("Airs and Ballads," Knopf, N. Y.)

AS I LAY DREAMING ABED.

As I lay dreaming abed
  Between the night and day
It suddenly enterd my head
  How all folk are fey.

It suddenly enterd my head
  How he and I and she
Would suddenly pass away
  And vanish utterly.

—John McClure.

("Airs and Ballads," Knopf, N. Y.)

THE WOMAN WHEN SHE'S MAD.

I'm fond of shrapnel and of bombs
Worse things than wounds I've had,
But please excuse me when it comes
To a woman—if she's mad.

I would not shun a duel with swords
Football's a harmless fad,
But I'll ne'er engage in a war of words
With a woman when she's mad.

I used to think death out of grace
Was—well not quite so bad,
'Till I learnd that Satan kept the place
Where the Women all were mad.

But when the tantrum's over quite
And everything is said,
A lovely sylph all smiles and light
Is the woman who was mad.

And, on the whole, I'll not complain
Nor wish I were a shad—
I think I'll try my luck again
With the woman who was mad!

—John Begg Cheadle.

TO A DEAD MOUSE IN A TRAP.

We are born short of sight; but some of us,
Some who are human, grow to presbyopes
And set lack-luster eyes on distant stars
And infinite impersonals; the children
Who worship gilt and sugar, break their gods,
(Breaking their hearts with every bitter blow),
And pin their faith to others; till at last,
Finding this life a plated thing, they turn
To Heaven, to a listless second choice.

Happy the scatterd, joyous polytheists,
Who, loving God and gossip, prayers and gold,
Float smoothly here and yonder, like the bee
Who, finding this bloom dry, falls into that one;
And, failing of such versatility,
I have been tempted now and then to call
Happy a young lieutenant I have known,
Who held both arms out to the Long-desired
And claspt the bloody earth with those two arms,

Yes—as I drop you on the garbage-heap,
Tiny crusht glutton, I half envy you.

—Roy Temple House.
(From Poetry.)

WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

Mayhap, when you are old and grey
You will remember me,
And nod your white head and say:
"A quaint lean fellow, he.

"I remember the tricks of his speech,
The snatches he used to sing.
I think he said that he loved me
Better than anything."

—John McClure.

(From "Airs and Ballads," Knopf, N. Y.)

GOOD-BYE.

I've heard men say that they want no moaning of the bar
  Nor sadness of farewell when they depart;
They hope their going no one's happiness will mar
  Nor sorrow bring to any tender heart.
For me, I don't subscribe to any such,
  I'd just's well admit it, for it's true,
For I want folks to miss *me* mighty much
When I cash in, don't you?
You see, I hope that when I reach the end
  Of this long journey thru this world below
That every kid in town will feel he's lost a friend
  And every man I've fought, a worthy foe.
And when I'm gone I hope that comrades call my name
And say mid scenes of laughter and good cheer
"He had his faults; he had his virtues just the same;
  He was a bully chap; I wish he were here."

—Edward Everett Dale.

LIFE'S GOAL.

Getting the good of God,
Making the most of man;
Climbing to cloud from clod—
This is life's primal plan.

Thinking now of the "then,"
Living for "there" while here;
Siding with angels when
Beasts in us fawn and leer.

'Mid all the tiresome strife
Of queries, questings, and greeds,
Finding the meaning of life
In the deeper depths of the creeds;

Sinking the self out of sight
In the good of the larger whole;
Seeking but one thing, the right—
This is thy life, my soul!

—Charles A. S. Dwight.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Over the sea go the ships
Far on their venturesome trips,
Out to the sky-brim wide;
Over the deep so dark and green,
Forward to far shores all unseen,
With a reckless, trackless course between,
And only a star for a guide.

Out over life goes my dream,
Out to Hope's Islands that seem
Sea-girdld in beauty afar.
What is my purpose to fare there,
What are the dangers to dare there,
What is the cargo I bear there,
And where, Oh, where is my star?

—Sandford Salyer.

ME AND PEG AND JERRY.

What ties are formd in gay youth-time,
When life is free from troubles,
When cares that age those in their prime,
To youth are floating bubbles.
My thoughts go roaming thru the years,
To days all bright and merry;
Three pals that laught away their fears,
Just me, and Peg, and Jerry.
She was our queen, we were her knights,
Our trophies were her treasure,
She helpt us make and fly our kites,
And shard each childish pleasure.
We built huge castles in the air,
To house our pretty fairy,
We vanquisht foes that fought us there,
Just me, and Peg and Jerry.
And then when courting days arrived,
We three still clung together;
Each evening found us side by side,
In fair or wintry weather.
Our twenties brought a new affright;
We vowd we'd never marry;
We tried to win—the losing fight,
Just me, and Peg, and Jerry.
But years that soon rolld by made clear,
That she could hold one only;
One laddie won the girl so dear,
And left the other lonely.
Two of the three are life pals now,
With kiddies, Jim and Mary;
The other dreams with shadowd brow,
Just me, not Peg and Jerry.

—Waldo Wettengel.

DEUS IRRISUS*

God was disturbd in Heaven,
Up rose to Him again
The thunder of a million guns
And curses of mad men.

God leand Him from His house of peace,
He saw a vast combat,
A million in the Valley of Death
And all hell glad thereat.

God said "Let this damnd slaughter cease."
But from his valley grim
Death with cackles of musketry,
Laught long and loud at Him.

—Anonymous.

(University Oklahoman, September 25, '14.)

*Title by the Editor.

THE HIKE.

They hiked four days
Through heat and haze
And sand and sun a-burning.
All tired out
They faced about,
And homeward came returning.

The thornd mesquite
It snaggd their feet
That beat the burning desert;
But lizards lean
By yuccas keen
Enjoyd the scorching desert

The miles draggd by,
The cans went dry,
The soldiers swore and stumbld.
A thread of smoke—
A ray of hope,
"For there's the camp," they mumbld.

The sun turnd red,
And dropt his head,
And dipt beneath the purple;
The star-bright eyes
Began to rise
To brighten heaven's circle.

The soldier men
Came marching in,
Amid a cloud that stifles.
With weary tramp
They reacht the camp,
And stackt their dusty rifles.

All wringing wet
With salty sweat,
They loost their galling sandals,
And dropt their packs
From aching backs
And lit their thousand candles.

—Josh Lee.

THE ANSWER.

Filld with a world-old madness,
The lust to slay and rule,
Grinning their devil's gladness,
Drooling their "kultur" drool,
Forth they fared with their legions,
All honor they trampld in mire,
Filling the earth's fair regions
With stench of hell's foul sire.

Under the seas went they, questing
Like sharks to maim and kill
Mothers and babes a-breasting
To work their wicked will.
Death raind down from the heavens
On harmless age and youth;
Far flasht the pit's red levins—
No mercy, no qualm, no ruth.

So when they pause to parley,
To bargain and balance their gain
As measures of wheat or barley
To a world that's mad with pain,
"No" should the answer thunder;
"We shall not rest or quail
Till the dragon is rent asunder
And shatterd his hellish mail."

—Francis Paxton.

HEARTS AFLAME.

Hearts aflame with freedom's passion,
  Waken now to duty stern!
Dream no longer craven fashion—
  Strike, and let your anger burn.

Yonder stand your brothers bleeding,
  Stricken, spent in freemen's cause!
Bitter wrongs and pity's pleading
  Give us now nor rest nor pause.

Go in Christ's name! Strike and spare not,
  Smite the spoiler, lay him low!
Men must go where cowards dare not—
God's poor bruisd ones need the blow.

Banner bright to free hearts given,
  Streaming fair beneath our sky,
Where the black war clouds are driven
  WE can dare, and WE can die!

—Francis Paxton.

"GOD BLESS YOU, MY SON."

There's a little woman with heart so brave,
That when to the army her son she gave,
She bade him farewell without a tear,
And whisperd these words into his ear:
"You'll come home when the war is won;
Be a brave boy; God bless you, my son."
Her farewell sentence rang in my head
As over the waves the convoy sped.

Down in the hull of a mighty ship,
Smackt by the kiss of the ocean's lip,
As night came down with a blackend dome,
My thoughts flew back to mother and home.
Her farewell sentence occurd to me,
Rockt in the arms of the restless sea.

I felt the pulse of the engine's throb,
I heard the pumps with their squeaking sob,
I heard the hideous siren blow,
And thought of the liquid depths below.
I felt so lonely and half afraid,
That I raisd my thoughts to Him and prayd,
And thru my head these words did run
"Be a brave boy; God bless you, my son!"

And then one time when off on a leave,
I went to the town they call Le Neive—
And this is the part I blush to tell.
My soul was tried by the powers of hell;
The temptress beckond, I followed on,
For I am human—subject to wrong.
Devils then whisperd into my ear:
"No one will know; you've nothing to fear."

I was yielding myself unto sin,
Which is an enemy forever to men.
My soul was losing its fight with hell,
When into my ear as clear as a bell,
Rang the last words from my mother's tongue:
"Be a brave boy; God bless you, my son!"

I turnd in my tracks and clencht my hand;
I said to myself: "I'll be a man!"
Those words had servd me wonderfully well;
My soul had won its fight with hell.
Oh, what a help that sentence has been—
It rings in my ear with powerful din:
"You'll come home when the war is won;
Be a brave boy; God bless you, my son!"

—Josh Lee.

WHEN WE "WENT IN."

Yonder where the drum-fires roll
Lives or dies fair freedom's soul;
Only cowards' lips can shrink,
War's cup to drink.

Wake my brothers; Wake and hark
Where the war clouds drift so dark
How the bruisd hearts cry and call
As bond slaves all!

God's the glory, God's the praise,
Who the dead to life can raise,
That He prickt and pierced our hearts
With shame's sharp darts!

Wake and smite now, smite and kill
Serfs who work their master's will,
Then a fairer freedom springs
From graves of kings!

—Francis Paxton.

CAMP CODY.

Out on the plains of Mexico,
West from the town of El Paso,
Stretching for miles and great in host,
Quietly lies a training post,
    Where the sun frowns down,
    And the sage turns brown,
    And the snow it snows,
    And the wind it blows.

Far to the North and even West
Tranquilly sleeps a mountain crest.
Dim in the air of miles between
Ragged and rough the peaks are seen,
    Where the low clouds skim
    On the blue sky's rim,
    And the red streaks fade
    In the black night's shade.

Ravens of carrion, soaring high,
Lazily wait while the dogies die,
Sail o'er the plains of Mexico,
    Where the dog-owls screech,
    And the cactus curls,
    And the dry bones bleach,
    And the whirlwind whirls.

Out in the sun the soldiers drill;
Stalwart and grim they train to kill;
Drilling in cold and training well,
Drilling in heat as hot as Hell,
    For the sun beats down,
    And the men turn brown,
    And the coyotes wail,
    And the sandstorms sail.

Out on the plains the men grow strong,
Marching in columns the whole day long
Working away with a silent grin,
Sweating the sweat of brawny men,
    And the days they dawn,

And the men march on,
And the cactus curls,
And the whirlwind whirls.

—Josh Lee.

GALLIA INVICTA.

Yonder on the hills of France
  And in her smitten vales
Death still leads his devil's dance,
  But courage never fails.

Land of Jeanne, age on age
  Thy valor rare shall praise;
Thou dost breast the heathen's rage
  Thru length of weary days.

Soul of France! thy Roland yet
  Is riding through thy land;
Trumpet-lips his lips have met,
  On sword-hilt set his hand!

—Francis Paxton.

BING!

With smashing swing Sir Julian Byng
Has bifft the Boches' line,
And Fritz has fled like anything—
Gone where the woodbines twine!

'Twas British pluck, and no good luck,
That crumpld Fritzy's cellars;
Pitch in, Sir Byng, you good old buck,
And biff him till he bellers!

Oh! Tommy's there, and on a tear—
He "carries on" like thunder;
He's here and there, and everywhere—
Where will he stop? I wonder.

—Francis Paxton.

Nov. 25, 1917.

TO BELGIUM.

"The bravest of all are the Belgians."—Caesar.

Brave little nation of toilers,
Bravest of all the brave,
Trodden by reptile spoilers,
Triumphing over the grave!
Drag now the days so bitter
(Grinds the gods' great mill!)
Spoilers shall vanish as litter—
Abides thy godlike will!
None shall station deny thee,
When strikes the hour of fate;
None but madmen decry thee,
Warder of freedom's gate!

—Francis Paxton.

THE ALLIED AIRFLEETS.

Aloft thru heaven's high halls
The airplanes dip and plunge;
Where morn or even's breath calls
They leap and loop and lunge.

Thru opalescent mist,
In clouds that melt and roll,
Thru smoke by sunlight kiss,
Dealing to Death his dole.

Pilots of courage rare,
Daredevils grim and grave,
Gunners who do and dare,
Keep you God, and save!

Yours the high endeavor
Chimera-beast to smite;
Yours the glory forever
Of courage stainless, bright.

Yours the glad elation
To drink high heaven's wine;
Yours the consecration
Of Love well-nigh divine.

—Francis Paxton.

GO TO IT!*

Smite them, Ferdinand,
Ferdinand Foch;
O what a guerdon grand,
Smashing the boche!

Hip and thigh, smite 'em,
Generalissimo.
Seventy-fives, bite 'em—
Nowise miss 'em, tho!

Go to it—cheerily,
Man-size Commander—
Mightily, merrily,
Turn on your dander!

July 19, 1918. —Francis Paxton.

*"Six Miles In And Going On!" in "box-car" letters topt the front page of the TIMES of Oklahoma City on which these verses appeard.

TO OUR DEAD.

Soldier or sailor, nurse or doctor, or airman brave,
You who softness scorning servd and died to save,
You there follows across the sullen and sluggish stream
The hope of hopes that falters but follows forever the gleam!
You we send our prayers, our tributes of love and tears -
You shall lend us scorn for sluggard's or coward's fears.
(From "The Victory Sooner," 1919) —Francis Paxton.

THE CHRIST.

(*After Maurice Donnay.*)

Above the lonely washing of the tide,
Where sea-gulls wing their way, a pillar stands,
Bearing a Christ with bleeding feet and hands,
A pious artist—fancy crucified.

Time goes; and storms have burst and raged and died;
The noon sun burns; the moonlight's silver bands
Draw coolness; and beyond the silent sands
The restless waves are never pacified.

Against the dazzling sunset's bloody gold;
In silver dawns; for months and years untold;
In happy springtimes, summertimes of flame,

In gentle autumns, winter's rough alarms,
With wasted feet that cold wave-kisses maim,
The stone Redeemer opens his black arms.

(From The Craftsman) —Roy Temple House.

SONG.

Tell me not how loveliness
  Brightens and flies;
Life is a chameleon
  Of all changing dyes,

"Beauty, beauty perishes,"
  Loveliness must pass?
Even so; yet life is still
  Lovely as it was.

Beauty begets beauty,
  Tho all beauty fades;
Life is a chameleon
  Of all changing shades.

—John McClure.

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WITCHERY.

Sparkling eyes, whose witching glance
Looks out in mischief so serenely,
Whose drooping lashes so enhance
Your beauty, felt so keenly,

I cannot lose your haunting spell,
The glamor of your brightness;
I cannot know and may not tell
Your charm and fire and lightness.

Into your depths I cannot look,
Nor fathom sure your meaning,
But could I read you as a book
I'd be forever gleaning!

This much I know, *this* much I vow
And swear it all sincerely,
I cannot tell the "why"I trow,
I love you—love you dearly.

—Francis Paxton.

THE PROMENADE.

(*Adapted from Edmond Rostand*)

The broad and cheerful features of the moon,
Framed in a collarette of cloudy white,
Peerd down upon us, roguish Pantaloon,
'Twixt two old poplars dozing thru the night.

The sky afar had half the tints of noon;
The lake drew out in bands of trembling light
The broad and roguish features of the moon.
Framed in a collarette of cloudy white.

Adown the path our pulses beat in tune;
Two walls of fragrance rose to left and right;
And riding up the sky with importune
Assurance, round and insolent and bright,
We saw the roguish features of the moon.

(From Moods.) —Roy Temple House.

AN ANGELUS.

Yellow are the fields, as gold;
And yellow is the harvest sun
Low-bending o'er the stubbld wold
That reaches yon far horizon.

The ragged shocks with tanned thatch
Extend like huts upon a plain;
The reaper's rolling reel doth catch
The bending ranks of ripening grain.

The sunlight dies to live again;
The corn unreapt would die indeed.
Thus fields are won with toil and pain
That bread be promist as we need.

Here Thestylis and Corydon
Beneath the sky's low hemisphere
Move slowly forward on and on
To garner sheaves of a new year.

A benediction, in its march
The evening breeze bears with a kiss
Beneath the heaven's shining arch,
Blue as the eyes of Thestylis.

—Roy Hadsell.

EGO.

My members wither like weeds—
Yea, as all matter must,
My blood and my hair and my tender eyes,
And my heart, are coming to dust.

And the trees and the hills and the flowers,
And the planets that sail the skies,
The worlds, with the years and the hours,
Wither to wind likewise.

These make my visible garment,
And go fast fleeting away.
But I am not startld or daunted,
Who know I am greater than they.

—John McClure.
(Airs and Ballads, Knopf, N. Y.)

MEADOW LARK

Chill January day, and snow in the hollows,
The bare brown prairies lifting away to the sky;
Lonely the wind amid the wide desolation
Where, percht on a shivering weed by the roadside,
Fronts he the world with his breast of the sun's own gold.
Two simple notes his song, yet all his heart's music
Thrills in the flute-sweet tones as over and over
Cheerly he sounds them. Just a common meadow lark,
Brave-hearted singer of the golden days to be!

—Zoe A. Tilghman.

THE OPTIMIST.

Far down the lane where blew the wind so bold,
And crisply cool upstird the drifted leaves,
The lark there poisd his breast of black and gold
Against the sunlight—golden web God weaves—
And preend his wings with dainty touch of bill.
His voice was mute, as if his heart were stird
By songs unsung his throat could never trill—
When lo! the far, faint note of brother bird
A challenge to the morning's chorus rang.
He oped his beak in merry, madcap glee—
Full-hearted rondels sounded as he sang
A world where pain and sorrow scarce could be
If like this lilting bard, the meadow lark,
We to the whispering voice of cheer would hark.

—Francis Paxton.

SARAH BENHARDT.

(After Edmond Rostand)

In these dull decades, you alone, O fair,
Pale Princess, Queen of attitude, have skill
To wear a lily, wield a sword, and still
The heart a moment, treading a broad stair.
You rave and stifle in our heavy air,—
You poetize, and die of love, and kill,
And dream and suffer, working your hot will
On helpless hearers, bound with your bright hair.

Avid of suffering, you wound us all;
Your plaints are echoed through a troubld hall,
And down your cheeks, 'tis our salt tears that steal.

And sometimes, Sarah, when your fervent lips
Spell endless magic, furtively you feel
The kiss of Shakespeare on your finger-tips.

—Roy Temple House.
(From The Theater Magazine.)

LONE TREE.

Oh Lone Elm Tree on the rocky hill,
The winds blow thru you; the winds are still,
And you are alone with the stars to-night
To keep the vigil from light to light.

Oh Lone Elm Tree on the rocky heights
Sweet the winds whisper o'summer nights,
And could I but sit at your feet again,
Perchance their sweetness would ease my pain.

Twisted and gnarld by many a blast,
Bravely you stand 'neath the stars steadfast,
Teach me, tho alone, to be steadfast and brave,
For the stars look down on a new-made grave.

—Zoe A. Tilghman.

WHEN LORENA BUYS A HAT.

Before Lorena buys a hat,
A gown, or anything like that,
She hunts a mirror, then and there,
And tries it on with anxious care;
And even brings a friend or two
To study every point of view,
To see if it's becoming.

But I was wondering today
If, when she has a word to say
Or something she would like to do,
She studies every point of view—
This side and that, in front, behind—
Before the mirror of her mind,
To see if it's becoming.

—Roy Temple House.
(From The Ladies Home Journal.)

THE LOT.

Farther and farther—from my birth—I fled
The Self which hounded me, and lookt aside
Before men's eyes like one who will not own
The cur that fawns and follows at his heels.
I fled the haunting presence to my friends
And stood with them to humble it, and "Down!"
I cried; but yet it would not down.

I ran to find a refuge in old art—
"Here in the shadow of the ancient works
Of other men he cannot find me now."
Again the presence patterd at my back,
And all the thoughts and fingers of the dead
Were but the food of Self. I rose and ran.

I hid me in society with men
Which hung me round with curtains strong and fair—
Which seemd to say, "Rest here. He will not come."
So rested I, but felt the eyes of Self
Upon me thru the texture of the cloth.

Then all enraged and fearful I presst on
And found a love, and turnd about and laught
Into the straining face of Self, and said—
"Go thou! I have another, fairer self.
I am done with thee! I have no use for thee."
Then for a time his panting pace was stayed;
He lingerd on the outskirts of my joy,
Then came once more, and I again before
Fled on unholpen by that other soul.

At length I took a cup and pourd and drank
And made my Self a fool, laught at him;
Laught—"What have I to do with such as thou?"
Yet still, with wistful and uncertain step,
Reproach and shame, my Self sped after me.

I dropt the cup. Thru pages of the past
And probings for the future—thru the dreams
Of other men, and lands of other folk
Still, still he came and gaind upon me still.

Aghast, I built a daily barricade
Of weariness, and sameness, and hard work;
But when he came he climbd with hasty feet
And lolling tongue above my muniment.

I bade him go. I said—"Come not too near!
I would not have men know me by thy name,
By thy foul face!" And yet my words were vain.

Then in despair, without a refuge left,
Alone and empty-handed I remaind
To fight the fight. In me there was no strength.

And now no more I flee along my life
While he pursues; but as one hound we hunt—
Men, thoughts, and things our universal prey.

Walter Stanley Campbell.

(In University of Oklahoma Magazine, February 1916.)

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

The tinkling stars of heaven
They jingle as they run
On seventy-and-seven
Mad race-ways round the sun.

The racing winds of heaven
With singing laughter chase
Those seventy-and-seven
Mad ne'er-do-wells thru space.

—John McClure.

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SONG.

Tell me not how loveliness
Brightens and flies:
Life is a chameleon
Of all changing dyes,

"Beauty, beauty perishes,"
Loveliness must pass?
Even so: yet life is still
Lovely as it was.

Beauty begets beauty,
Though all beauty fades:
Life is a chameleon
Of all changing shades.

—John McClure.

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BUDDHA.

There's a little china paper-weight before me on my desk,
A tiny heathen deity, ill-favord and grotesque,
All staind and crackt and batterd in the most outrageous style;
But his one redeeming feature is his bright and sunny smile.

My wife is fond of using him on hazel-nuts and tacks,
My children smear his cheerful face with sweets and chewing wax;
He tumbld off the window-ledge and lost us once, awhile,—
But nothing can attenuate his bright and sunny smile.

O poor, maltreated heathen with obliterated eyes,
How oft for lesser wrongs than yours our angry passions rise!
We need to learn, as you have learnd, that men of brains beguile
The pains and ills of living with a bright and sunny smile.

—Roy Temple House.

(From The Nautilus.)

WIND ON THE SOUTH CANADIAN

Murky red, with tortuous tread,
A lawless, bedless, homeless river
Dips its head in skulking dread;
And sand-whirls rising quiver,
Madly race, and quake, and shiver,
Goaded like fiery snakes and blind,
By the ruffian roaring wind.

Over the bridge and up the ridge,
The ruffian jeers at the red man's steers;
The red man's hat, like a whirling midge,
Darts through the gale above the piers;
The tumble-weed tacks and veers,
In antic haste like a thing insane
With shambling legs all crookt by pain.

Rides on high thru a dust-clad sky,
The ceaseless, deathless, soulless wind.
Hurls the stinging sand in the eye
Of the sun, the sun now dim behind
The scraggy trees that fret and grind,
Like faltering men who strain at a task
More than a lord has a right to ask.

Speeding night soon drowns the light
Of the sand-coated sun in the west;
But ever the wind in its frenzied might,
Drives thru the dark without stop or rest,
A tireless, shrieking, scourging pest,
Dashing, crashing, on sand-hill and tree,
In wave upon wave like the waves of the sea.

—Theodore Hampton Brewer.

TO A FRYING-PAN.

Steel-staunch comrade of my wanderings, strange
Magician, alchemist, that so couldst change
Untempting viands to ambrosial fare,
Fit for the gods themselves, had they been there—
Better, to me, thy unpretentious "eats"
Than chef's most costly gastronomic feats.
Grimy and black, thou still to me art dear,
Nor sweeter music never charmd my ear
Than thy resounding clangor when my pard
With his knife-handle smiting thee full hard,
Beat the tattoo that summoned me to "chuck."
In days auspicious, or in hardest luck
Thru desert sand and heat, or mountain snows,
Thru all, the memory of thy service glows.
Be with me till I cross the great divide—
Shall I not miss thee on the other side?—
Blest comforter of my faint inner man,
Thou, tried by fire—my faithful Frying-pan.

Zoe A. Tilghman.

(From Adventure, 1919; permission of the Ridgeway Company.)

GREETING AFTER ABSENCE

Where the incessant sweet odor of roses
Perfumes the sunny days from end to end,
And the polisht leaves of the poplar
Shake in the wind; where the opulent ocean
Lies immense and uplifted under the sun:
Where the tip of the upright sequoia
Sways to and fro against the blue sky:
Where the immaculate dawn of the mountains
Ushers the changeful day, and the down-going sun
Gathers unto himself all the day's wonders
To fling back in one accumulate wonder
Over the earth: where the faint flower,
Pendulent over the pebbld and musical brook,
Blooms in its deep and unfrequented covert:
Where the dissonant solitude quenches the spirit
In clamorous cities:—

There have I walkt with blithe or failing steps,
And these things have I lookt upon
With eager and with languid eyes.
And now I turn me Home. That star
Hath risen and hath gone to rest
In one sole spot. It hath seemd faint and far,
Impossible. But I have lookt to it
By day and night, and now
Its rising and its setting give me peace.

—Angelo C. Scott.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.

Said Jones of Smith: "I'm sure you can't
Conceive a man more ignorant.
He'd win a prize, I'd go his bail:
The ninny calls a bucket 'pail'."

Said Smith: "I hope I'll never see
More utter, dense stupidity.
For simple brainlessness he's struck it.
The blockhead calls a pail a 'bucket'."

Oh, Smith and Jones! Oh, Whig and Tory!
Oh, feudists turning green fields gory!
Why will it never dawn on you
A pail might be a bucket, too?

—Roy Temple House.
(From Success Magazine.)

YOU KINDLY PEOPLE.

You kindly people that may read
I pray you overlook
All indiscretions I have made
In this or any book.

And pray your everlasting God—
So be it please His whim—
To show some mercy to my soul
If it have angered Him.

And pray those little gnomes and sprites,
And ghouls and goblins foul of name,
To leave my body be o'nights
And pinch it not, for shame!

—John McClure.
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*THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE.

It once was the fashion to weep and to sigh
For the down-trodden laborer who livd in a sty—
No bread in the cupboard, no flour in the bin,
The children all hungry and dad full of gin.
His wages one dollar or maybe a pair,
And oft out of work he livd on thin air;
Such was the life of the suffering Wop
But the turn of the wheel has brought him to the top.

Now it's the preacher, professor or clerk
Who can't make a living tho' hard he may work.
He wears his old clothes and his old over-coat
And he walks where he used to take trolley or boat.
He scours the cheap markets for cabbage and bones
To fill the kids' stomachs and still their weak moans;
He dodges the plumber and runs from his bills
And the first of the month he takes to the hills.

The price of potatoes and butter and milk,
The cost of broadcloth and sugar and silk
Are out of his range, and he passes them by,
And he munches a cracker where once he ate pie.
His sons and his daughters are working for wage
They're sporting the styles that are now all the rage;
They snicker at dad and they smile on the Wop
For dad's at the bottom and t' other's on top.

—John Begg Cheadle.

*Written when prices were at their peak.

ON PEERING INTO A CHURCH AS I PASSED BY.

Alone in the cathedral's vacancy
She knelt at prayer, her pallid face divine
Set saint-like 'gainst the window's tracery
Which blent her beauty with its dim design.
Ah, what a face,—tortured with pain's wan smile!
I lookt, then turnd away for heart's relief,
Leaving her praying all her weary while,
Lost in the cloister silences of grief.
Soft closed the door upon her; it was well
Silent I stole out to the market place,—
Who has seen angels has no word to tell;
But pray I that I may no moment's space
In all forgetful hours prove infidel
Unto the high religion of that face.

—Sandford Salyer.

THE MADMAN'S DEATH.

At last he dies, in that shrill plasterd cell—
He dies again, who died long years before,
Like the young fruit that rotted round the core
But clung a time and witherd, ere it fell.
Who knows what tales the ashy lips could tell
Had they but spoken when the dull eyes wore
A dreamy ecstasy that comes no more,
Or his ears beat to some far battle-swell?
His life was like a bell whose tone is thin
And false and broken, since the fatal day
When the brute casters reveld at the inn.
Now all the dissonance has died away;
His ear is careless of the mad-house din.
His dust is quiet, and his soul is gay.

—Roy Temple House
(From the New York Times.)

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

All is seeming; nothing is—
You are not, you only seem;
I am not, I only dream.
Much I've learnd
When I've learnd—
Only seeming is.
Then let seeming be our guide;
Let me always seem to kiss you;
Let my love always caress you;
Let me seem forevernear you,
Since only seeming is.

—E. T.
The Mistletoe, 1908

HEART O'DREAMS.

Tell me, Heart o'Dreams,
When will you come to me?
Meet my face in the day's full light,
Greeting me?

Where, oh Heart of Dreams
Did you first come to me?
Perhaps from out the shadows,
Of some forgotten dawn
I felt your presence calling
Ere the night was gone.

Or half waking from my rest
Felt you leaning over me.
Felt soft hands upon my breast,
When the waning moon was low,
Sinking dimly in the west.

Go, my Heart of Dreams,
Back thru the Ivory gate,
Come no more thru the radiant door;
Let me wait!

Wait, oh Heart of Dreams,
Till you may come to me,
Free from bonds of the spirit world;
Since I am earthly born,
Come the path of dreams that are true,
Thru the Gate of Horn.

You my visions shall fulfill,
And the throbbing heart of me
Your soft hands shall touch and still;
As I felt you long ago,
One with me in heart and will.

Haste, oh Heart of Dreams!
Will you come soon to me?
Long the day and long the night,
Waiting thee!

—Zoe A. Tilghman.

BALLAD-OLD STYLE.

There was three maidens in one bower,
Rede this riddle if so ye can,
Of all fair maids they was the flower,
And the devil is a gentleman.

There was three maidens from dawn to gloom
Span in a bower upon the loom.

There was three maidens from dawn till night
Span in a bower for their delight.

Gay Thomas he was dresst in silk,
His fingers was as white as milk.

Gay Thomas wore a golden ring,
He was handsome abune a' thing.

Gay Thomas came with staff and scrip
And kisst these maidens upon the lip.

Gay Thomas he came ower the sea
And kisst these maidens abune the bree,

Gay Thomas fisht for the golden minnows
Gay Thomas was the prince of sinners.

There was three vixens in one bower,
Rede this riddle if so ye can,

There was three vixens from that hour,
And the devil is a gentleman.

—John McClure.

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SONG OF THE MAD PARSON.

A-passing down by Bugnall Brig
Below the Devil's Perch
I met the fairies dancing
As I went home from church:

Wee Mab of ghostly beauty
(Of all earth's queens most sweet!),
Her maids that know no duty
But that of dancing feet,—

Her maids in gauze and gossamer
And elfin diadems
Weaving in faery circles there
The witchery of dreams.

And I forgot the Eucharist
And I forgot the day
For Mab, the Beautiful Unkisst,
And slim Titania.

Among the moonbeams glancing
Like arrows from the snow
I saw the fairies dancing
On twinkling heel and toe.

—John McClure.

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BRICK DUST.

It's just a heap of ruin,
A drunken brick carouse—
This thing my spirit grew in
That once was called a house.

An attic where I scribld
Thru baking summer days,
While street-pianos nibbld
At the patient Marseillaise.

The spider-landlord squatted
In a web of dinner-smells,
And people slowly rotted
In little gossip-hells.

I hated all I learnd there—
And yet I could have cried
For a little oil I burnd there,
A little dream that died.

—Louisa Brooke.

(From Poetry.)

WHERE HAVE YOU BUILT YOUR FIRES?

Where have you built your fires,
By roadside bridge or stream?
What satisfied desires
Have smolderd with their gleam?

What woodland patches brown
What hillocks, vales, or meadows,
Have drawn you from the town
To meet the evening shadows?

Do frogs and crickets cry
Where wide the river bends,
Do ribbons thread the sky
Where your white smoke ascends?

Does darkness cross the world
As twilight colors go?
Do winds with flags unfurld
Yet fan your coals aglow?

Where have you built your fires
Your wayside shrines to raise,
Where have you built your fires
To glow as in God's praise?

—Roy Hadsell.

THE SONG OF THE POLLIWOG.

Sing we now a song of science
All about the polliwog;
And the changes that befall him
Until he becomes a frog.
Cho. Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay-ly
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay;
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay-ly
Heigh-ho, chick-a-che-lunk-che-lay.

First the polliwog is a worm, sir,
And he has no legs at all;
Neither eyes nor ears nor nostrils
And must on his stomach crawl.

Cho.

Next he gets a tiny mouth, sir,
Branching gills and a finny tail;
And with legs, sir, only starting
He's a fish, sir, without fail.

Cho.

But the tail soon wears away, sir,
And the legs still longer grow;
And with lungs replacing gills, sir
He begins his breath to blow.

Cho.

Respiration and digestion
Are begun on a new plan;
This is how the polliwog changes
Into a batrachian.

Cho.

—Joseph Whitefield Scroggs.

POET AND PEASANT.

Aloft on a swaying spray sits he
And chants the wood's full minstrelsy,
While I dig deep in my garden plot
To make spuds grow where they did not.
Poet and peasant we. Full well he knows
That poems are needed as well as prose.
—Francis Paxton.

CHRISTMAS, 1900.

(Dec. 21-3 are the shortest days in the year; Dec. 25 is the first day that is always longer.)

Tomorrow shall be longer than today;
And each succeeding day shall longer be
Until the spring and glorious summer come
Again, and flowers shall bloom and corn shall wave
And apples ripen in the sun. And tho
The darkest, bleakest, coldest days are yet
To come, the length'ning days our hearts assure
That warmth and life and joy and harvest time
Shall come again to earth and to the lives
Of men.

And so it was when Jesus came.
For tho long ages, dark with woe and sin
And ignorance and cruelty, were yet
To come, and justice, right and truth and faith
In God and man were yet to fail the hearts
Of men. yet still each passing century
Doth show the progress of that kindly reign
Whose advent told of peace on earth to those
Of kindly will, till men shall hate and hurt
No more, and earth's long summer time shall come,
And peace and love and kindly deeds shall make
The earth as heaven is. Till then we pray
Each Christmas time, "God bless us every one"
—Joseph Whitefield Scroggs.

MEDEN AGAN.

(In Nothing Too Much.)

There is a freedom that makes free.
Another freedom binds.
There is a light by which we see,
Another light that blinds.

—Arthur R. Curry.

"CITY".

The tawdriness of all that cheap array
Brought back a longing for his home once more.
The carts on pavement at the break of day
Made a rattle like a dead mans' throat before
The fleeing soul is gone. The distant roar
Of engines coming in, the newsboy's call,
The drab cold room with splintery unclothed floor
Contrasted to a peaceful farm in fall
Made him rise from a cold hard bed and curse it all.

—Maurice W. Kelley.

SASSOON.

Bleak pictures were the scenes I saw
Of war without the trumpet's blare.
No green fields dotted here and there
With struggling knights in bright array
No drum's long roll, no loud hurrah
As brightly colored flags advance
There were no men with sword and lance
Who singing went into the fray.

I saw the dead men's glassy stares
Peer fixt at me in dim and white
Uneasy light of ghostly flares.
Out in the wires, caught unawares
In some uncounted hour of night,
They died like birds in trapper's snares.

—Maurice W. Kelley.

THE JEWELER.

The jeweler put out a velvet pad,
Pleasing to touch and yellow as pure gold.
Thereon he placed a row of glowing rubies;
Then, nearer me, a row of cold, white diamonds;
And last, a row of tranquil amethysts.
Then, looking up to catch my admiration,
"These," he said, pointing, "are erotic sonnets;
And these are poems of the intellect—
And these are of devotion and the spirit.
Some lapidary, taking stones of value,
Has made them into gems of sparkling beauty.
But see you this," he said, the while withdrawing
A purple pad whereon a necklace lay,
A coil of lucent pearls. He raised them up
And fondld them between us and the light.
"No lapidary, friend, is vain enough
To touch an instrument to one of these.
These are the lovely thoughts that move in beauty
Like maidens sporting in a lily pond."
He coiled the necklace on the purple pad;
Then, looking up, but pointing while he spoke:
"This is the poetry that needs no art
But that inherent in the form God gave it.
We make our diamonds, but we search for pearls."

—Arthur R. Curry.
(Texas Review.)

JOHN KEATS.

His was a tale that none might laugh and tell,
Spent passion on a blind, unfeeling wall,
A flickering flame that struggld in a squall
With none to trim its wick. A rose that fell
Too rich with beauty suckt from wind and sky.
He gazed on lambent starlight, tinted dawn,
Death came, a blighting breeze, and he was gone.
—Oh beauty masked by somber things that die.

—Maurice W. Kelley.

YOU.

It used to be my eyes saw but the dark
And I was priosnd in a monotone
Of dull and sweating grayness where I cried
And thought no ears had heard it but mine own.

I heard a voice like silver singing flutes,
And felt your vibrant presence ere you came.
You found me strangely sullen, saw I had no light,
Tore off the blind and gave to me the flame.

—Maurice W. Kelley.

IN THE LIBRARY.

Not on immediate entrance do we find
The sacred spirit that abideth here.
The beauty and power of thought do not appear
Thru backs of books. But when the mind meets mind
Across the centuries we stand resigned
To feelings unexpresst. Then are we near
To all the ancient worthies we hold dear.
Here are their spirits truly best enshrined.

Succesive triumphs of devoted thought,
The forms of fancy, and emotion's power,
The full achievement that the mind has wrought
The centuries present us at this hour.
But greater glory than the past has brought
Shall, let us trust, become the future's dower.

—Arthur R. Curry.
(Indianapolis Star.)

ORCHESTRA.

Low and alone, as if it feard to wake
From sleep that monstrous slumbering orchestra,
The timid hautboy 'gan its haunting wail.
Pale tones were some that came from out its bell
But reedy, sharp, and high were all the rest.
Its halting courage seemed to rise as it
Climbd up the scale. Nor did it pause until
The dizzy heights of sound were reacht.
With one quick flight of melody back down
It came to lower tones and richer voice
To chant a sing-song strain. A blasting blare
And brasses drownd its feeble piteous song.
Slow was the strong majestic sounding hymn
And rich in timbre were the tones they got.
Then all died out save one lone instrument,
Coild like a serpent 'round the player's throat.
Far down the scale it went until it came
To tones that blended with the kettledrums.
A muffled roll, a distant, low fanfare,
And soldiers seemd to march before my eyes.

—Maurice W. Kelley.

A PRAYER.

For time, O Lord, to live—for this I pray.
I would not be forever presst and driven.
Sometime, I trust, the leisure shall be given
To every man to sit at close of day
With carefree mind and watch his children play
About the hearth. Let there be time to read
The longer poems, such as meet the need
Of deep emotion, bringing thoughts that stay.
But let it be reward for righteous toil.

I do not ask that this be given free;
Thou, Lord, must find no sadder sight to see
Than souls retarded by the strain and moil
Of competition, lifting up to Thee
Hands witherd serving in the fight for spoil.

—Arthur R. Curry.

SONNET.

(A musician is about to lose his arm.)

Oh how I love to tuck it 'neath my chin
And make my bow dance on the vibrant strings.
A single touch and all my sufferings
Have fled from consciousness. Then I begin
To coax from out that box the moods of men.
Their joys with soft and flute-like tones it sings,
But other days their grating murmurings
Are shrilly high, incisive, hard, and thin.

And must I lose this all? No more to mould
Its plastic soul in shapes or make those bold
Strong tones that seem too large for its small size.
Oh how I'll miss that blissful wonderment
Remaining after all my strength is spent.
Oh Lord take not my arm—instead my eyes.

—Maurice W. Kelley.

THE MOURNER.

(Italia Dolorosa, 1909)

Leave me awhile alone to dwell apart,
Let me a space upon mine anguish think,
Till I shall learn this fearful cup to drink,
Till I shall raise this burden on my heart.

Summon me not to council or to mart,
In schemes of gain my careful soul to sink.
How shall I, who have trod the timeless brink,
So soon in fleeting glories take my part?

For I have stood in the presence of the King,
And I have felt his dreadful shadow near,
And I have seen the mightiest bow in fear,
And all my sons with terror shuddering.

And all my ancient heritage decay,
My glorious years in ruin pass away.

—Louisa Brooke.

SLEEPER.

His ears were soothed by the rhythm of his breath
And racing thoughts died down within his brain.
Cool finger-tips of breezes brusht his brow
And lagging limbs were freed of numbing pain.

He heard night breezes whispering in the trees
And listened to nocturnal insect-hums.
Then all grew calm until a throbbing pulse
Beat in his ears like the thump of muffled drums.

Awareness came and fled like ebbing tides.
An easing sigh and tenseness passt from him;
Down dropt a veiling mantle over all
And held him in a calmness, cool and dim.

—Maurice W. Kelley.

IN PULVERE STELLA.

Ages come and go;
The tireless, endless flow
Of thought's swift pulses knowledge brings
Of all deep--buried, hidden things
But man's elusive self alone;
A fiery star—dust sown,
To earth's dead clay it lendeth wings!

—Francis Paxton.

WHEN MAPLE-BUDS ARE BORN.

There's golden glimmer in the air,
A tender twittering in the eaves,
And all the tufted green of leaves
Is dewy in the freshing morn—
The sweetest time in all the year,
The time when maple-buds are born.

The fair tree-tracery, cool and sere,
Is hidden in a mist of green,
Where yet the clear, true lines are seen,
Like lover's thoughts in veil of scorn—
This sweetest time in all the year,
The time when maple-buds are born.

And will not you, my very dear,
Receive the Whisper of the Spring,
And hear my throbbing pulses sing
Of life and love this lusty morn?—
This sweetest time in all the year,
The time when maple-buds are born.

—Louisa Brooke.

EULOGY OF A UNIVERSITY STUDENT.

Good Students all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my spiel;
For if it be some merits short,
You'll find, at least, 'tis real.

There is a man in Okla. U.
Quite faithful (in his way);
He never cuts a class, 'tis true,
But when he is away.

For studiousness he's surely blest,
There's wisdom in his looks;
He always has his lessons best
When he looks on his books.

Examinations come, and then
He's always strictly fair,
And never tries to cheat, but when
He has a pony there.

The highest grades he always hails,
When standing on third floor,
He ne'er in any courses fails,
But those which he takes o'er.

Should he continue noble deeds,
We need not feel surprise;
He'll never fail when he succeeds,
He'll live until he dies.

—Benjamin H. West.

TO A PESSIMIST.

Dost pleasure take in constant whining,
In tiresome grumbling and repining?
Why, man alive, though "cakes and ale"
Are not life's program, sometimes fail,
Are now and then, methinks their flavor
Is better—hath a sweeter savor,
Because these days of humbler fare
Secure a relish fine and rare.
Then cheer up, friend, and banish gloom;
Go pluck the flower that's now in bloom.
Who doth not so is surely grooming
Himself to be an idiot blooming.

—Francis Paxton.

THE ROSE.

And this is truth: Although the way be long,
The immortal Rose of Beauty shall not die.
Yest're'en in blossomd in the sunset sky,
To-night in bloomd within the poet's song.

—Louisa Brooke.

CORONA ABDICATA.

A maiden fair, with lots of hair,
A "woman's crown of glory",
Retires; a bedroom chair supports her hair—
That is another story!
She doft that crown and laid it down
Because "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

—Francis Paxton.

UNIVERSITY RUBAIYAT.

Come, get to work, and by the lamps of night
Just cram, with little thought for more delight.
Your mind has such a little time to work,
For those examinations are in sight

In dreary round of I's or flunk and fail,
Whose music is alternate sigh and wail,
Each class abode its day and passed away,
And now we live—nor do we change the tale.

While quizz draws nearer and more near,
When all the rest are trembling now with fear,
Beware, and do thou study too,
Or days will come when there is less of cheer.

Here with a book of Greek in some dim hall,
A fountain pen, a book of notes, and all
Alone with thee, dear pony—all alone
Methinks that even I there could not fall.

Ah me! could students do as they desire,
And change this system of exams entire,
How soon we'd show them just what we could do;
We'd go right down and set the town afire.

—Agnes Berrigan.

SONNET TRIAD.

I.

Fancies.

I drink from many fountains cool and bright,
With little thought of how they come and go;
I see a tiny portion of their flow,
Then thru the wood their streams are lost to sight.
What hidden truths their waters may enfold!
Perhaps from summits of eternal snow
They come; and far beneath, for aught we know,
May course their silvery way through veins of gold.

These runnels dance along through day and night,
In moonlight spaces merging into dreams.
We often come to drink of them by day,
But seldom do we linger as we might
And watch the evening sunlight's threaded gleams
Or hear what all the little ripples say.

II.

Thoughts.

A thought developt is a mighty stream;
Beginning with the fountain at its source,
It changes charm and melody for force.
No merging now into a flitting dream;
No dalliance now with any sunset gleam;
But with its eddies and its grindings hoarse,
By thwartless laws it finds its destined course,
And cuts its way through many a granite seam.

As time goes on, new stages will appear,—
A vanishing of falls and sudden turns,
A broadening valley and a peneplain.
But still the world is young, and far and near
The torrents writhe and roar as each one yearns
To find its way — its level with the main.

III.

Truth.

And that vast ocean with its constant tide,
Eternal Truth, where streams and runnels rest,
Combining force and beauty at their best,
And giving them extent both deep and wide—
Ah, well may force and beauty here abide!
Thou hast thy bounds, O Sea, but thou art blest
With perfect unity from East to West,
And may rejoice with unoffending pride.

The fountain knows itself akin to thee:
The runnel sings to thee its hopeful song;
The river cleaves the mountain to be free
To come. And though their ways be hard and long,
They know thy peace and unity shall be
The heritage of both the weak and strong.

—Arthur R. Curry.

SONNET TETRAD.

Mirage

I.

Beyond the sand of desert days appear
Cities and palm trees, glittering and green,
Cushiond in excellence; no hovering fear
Threatens the brightness of these visions clean.
But when the sun has flamed and falterd down
Receding pathways to an endless night,
Afloat before the wavering palm and town
Comes your dim face uncertainly alight.
It is not fraught with loveliness, and brings
No balm of healing out of Eastern wells;
Eternal blackness round its radiance clings;
The eyes are avenues to nameless hells.
But I, fool like, foredoomd to play the clown,
Choose this dark splendor over palm and town.

II.

Being unburdend with a definite
Straight-laced existence, love, you are inconstant;
New moods outweigh your reason as you flit;
Your spirit's utterant of a single instant.
You are a heathen harem sylph, a Pole,
A Carmen carved in ivory from old Spain,
Your dark eyes glitter like an envious coal
And you become a summer child of rain.
How can I bind you, how entrap the rich
Unsullid beauty of your changefulness?
Your look destroys all incantations which
Seek to ensnare by stealth your artlessness.
Well, since I love you, be what you will be:
Mine is a love that loves inconstancy.

III.

This is a changing age—O be not chary
Of your divergent personalities!
Be Rosalind for me when I am merry,
And Desdemona when my laughter flees.
Wear the stiff hoops and rose-embosst brocades
That Raleigh lookt on and found captivating;

Be Helen for my bliss when goodness fades,
And stately Portia for the time of mating.
Be all women for my ungovernd mood,
I am in love with all your easy graces.
You are a frenzied fever in my blood.
I seek you in a million lovely faces.
Be Portia, Helen, Rosalind, and be
Changeless and constant as the eternal sea!

IV.

You are not here, you are not anywhere
Save in the haunted groping of the mind
Toward some far beauty, fatuous and fair,
Unseen, remote, unguesst by humankind.
What is the love I flourish but a shield
To hide the bareness of a dismal plain,
Whereon propitious suns are far afield
And pale, moist-hungry seedlings, but no rain?
But lo, I bring you nearer to this parcht
Uncomfortable barrenness of self;
Trimly in gauzes, ruffles newly starcht,
You stand and stare, a moist unmasked elf
Prating of coolness; thus I love you near,
For bud and blossom, leaf and bough appear.

—R. Lynn Riggs.

OLD MASTER.

(A Portrait of E. P. A.)

Why, sir, I'll do her portrait eagerly
If you'll but give consent. There'll be no cost,
For hours I spend at painting such a face
I count as golden moments never lost.

But, sir, that face with all the depth it shows
Would lose that strength by backing it with blue.
It needs some subtle motive full of force
—An ancient war-scard shield of brazen hue
Where swords and eagle claws loom dimly thru
Her hair that hangs like sunbronzd morning mist.
I'll paint those long black lashes, drooping lids,
Her half hid eyes and lips that must have kisst
Red poppies Night had drencht with perfumed dew.
Those bared white shoulders—more than common clay—
Are subtile music made of line and curve.
Oh Master, thou who lovest all beauteous things,
Guide well my hand and do not let it swerve.

When I am long since dead they'll view this then
And marvel at the softness of her throat.
Slowly from out awed silence there shall come,
"I wonder what those deep brown eyes connote?"

—Maurice W. Kelley.

AT EVENING.

Her silhouet was black against the pane
Made dully golden by the candle light.
She let her fingers wander, falling as they might
And sang a song that I would hear again.
Each modulation was unconscious art
So soft and pleasing like the mellow rays.
Fled from my brain were thoughts of bitter days
And a calm and peaceful quiet filled my heart.

—Maurice W. Kelley.

FINIS

I have fought no mighty fight,
I have not affronted Fate;
I have kept no fire alight
Pale within no temple-gate.

I have not done anything
That is noble, brave or true;
Nay, I cannot even sing
Rondels beautiful or new.

I have not been worth my bread.
Yet thus much I beg in fee,
When I lie among the dead
Folks may murmer this o' me;

"Here lies one within the tomb—
Pencil stilld and parchment furld—
Who was somewhat overcome
By the beauty of the world."

—John McClure

("Airs and Ballads," Knopf, N. Y.)

(THE END.)

The Editor has introduced certain unusual spellings into verse printed in this book. He deems these departures from common usage sound in themselves, but if any person directly interested should regard them as unwarranted liberties the editor heartily apologies, as far as changes in that material are concernd. Again, *"Pardon, gentles all."*

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